

A JILTED GIRL'S REVENGE.

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1892.

VOLUME LX—No. 768.
Price Ten Cents.



FREE FIGHT IN A COTTON MILL.

ANNISTON, ALA., FACTORY GIRLS JOIN SIDES IN A RIOT IN WHICH MISS BROWN IS FATALLY INJURED.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1892.

The POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed to any address in the United States or Canada at the following rates:
One year \$5.00
Six months 2.50
Three months 1.25
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THE REAL NEWSPAPER.

The POLICE GAZETTE is a newspaper in the real sense of the word. It prints the news of the week, but eliminates the fluff. It selects the events with due regard to their importance from a news standpoint, and presents them to its readers in entertaining and readable shape. In addition to printing the news, the POLICE GAZETTE illustrates it. In that respect it has the advantage of the daily newspapers. But it never publishes anything that could give offense to the most punctilious person. Of a necessity it prints the offenses committed against the laws of society and State by men and women, but then the POLICE GAZETTE is a newspaper. It is useful for the public morals that the violators of the laws of man should be condemned and held up to public scorn and ridicule. Were their offenses overlooked crime would become rampant, society rotten, and virtue would be at a premium. It is the fear of public condemnation that keeps many in the straight and narrow path. The electric light of the press holds them in check. If they sin in the dark and their offense is known only to themselves, they continue to pose before society as models of virtue. But on the other hand, if their crime is made known they are punished and society is benefited. It is not the function of the newspaper to excite the appetite for scandal, but to expose all frauds and shams with a view of correcting them. Such is the mission of the POLICE GAZETTE.

While many newspapers are ever on the alert to supply their readers with fluff, the POLICE GAZETTE prints only such news as is good for the public health.

A clergyman recently made the rounds of the houses of ill-fame in this city, and then described in court the disgusting scenes he witnessed. Such testimony was never before listened to in a court-room. It was shocking in the extreme; but some of the newspapers made capital out of it. For many days they were teeming with the disgusting details of the orgies described by the clergyman in question. The POLICE GAZETTE, however, would not offend the nostrils of its millions of readers by printing the filthy stuff. It failed to see where any good could be gained by it. The public knew that these places existed within their doors would not aid in the least the cause of moral reform. Rather it would tend to create a desire in the young to go and see for themselves. Therefore the POLICE GAZETTE refrained from making any mention of the affair, and many of its readers have expressed their approbation of the fact.

MASKS AND FACES.

Kicks, Rows, Kisses, Hurrahs,
Misses and Hits.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

The Comedians, Soubrettes and Dancers.

FEW PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS.

Now, when the Spring, with bounden smile,
O'erbrims the season's cup,
Dramatic Art, with one accord,
Its overcast tongue up.

This may be so, but the only startling theatrical novelty in town this week is "Elysium," a musical comedy by William Fieren, and it's now playing at Herrman's. The plot is based on a French novel, which tells how a rich old codger of an uncle bequeathed his harem of handsome and happy-go-lucky women to his gay and spendthrift nephew. We are therefore treated to a mélange of the busy-trousered luxury of the Orient and the refined end of the century cynicism of Paris.

Jennie Goldthwaite, Lillian Madison and Marjorie Drew are leaders in bawdy femininity. Max Fier-



HITS.

man, custodian of the harem, cleverly plays the part of a man prematurely bald. There is a dancer in the cast, Avita, whose umbilical and abdominal convolutions alarm the sensitive aestheticism of even such a hardened rouser as Edward Bloom. The dainty trifles, "Elysium," the music, by Jesse Williams, is light and dancelike, and men-about-town and demimondaines will like it. Cubitt, Dove, Long and Martin, at Herrman's, have all bought extra strong opera glasses.

The great Actore Fair at the Madison Square discovered some latent animosities and gave rise to some fiery factions. When the vote for the most popular actress came up it became evident that Mrs. Palmer, who backed Estelle Clayton for the prize, had no use for Georgia Cayvan, and it was only toward the end that all things were smoothed out and each leading actress, Georgia Cayvan, Agnes Booth and Estelle Clayton each got a tangible proof of popular esteem.

Grace Fikins has brought suit against Rosina Vokes and Felix Morris for damages. The abnormally, brown-eyed actress claims back salary from the date of her enforced resignation from the company and seeks remuneration for bruises received at the hands of the babo-uesque comedian. Fikins was interviewed the other day, and among other things said she made uncomplimentary remarks about the pug-nosed star. "Rosina Vokes, actuated by charity, doubtless, works at knitting for the beaten eight hours a day, and drinks no end of strong tea to keep her up, but when a woman in her company is insulted by a brute she says her nerves are unstrung and sneaks away to her dressing room."

Charles Leonard Fletcher, late of Boston, has established a dramatic school at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, New York, and now floods the market with ambitious soubrettes and ingenues. There are unpleasant as well as pleasant sides to the business. The other day, while Fletcher was in the act of teaching a plump and juicy juvenile the elements of Desdemonia, an irate and unreasonable mamma entered his sanctum, flung a bust of William Shakespeare at the head of the tutor, and conducted the pupil home at the point of an umbrella.

Carl Hauser, who will shortly start a new comic paper in this town, tells me this anecdote over beer and pretzels. When Handel, the celebrated German musician, went to Ireland to give concerts, he was much perplexed by the illiteracy of the man he had brought with him to sing bass. On explaining his trouble he was told that there was a man in Dublin, a printer named Gorman, who had a good voice, an excellent knowledge of music and who was a member of St. Patrick's choir.

Handel, who was a fussy little man, was much delighted at being able to secure Gorman, and decided to call a rehearsal at once.

The Irish bass singer appeared in his best suit, and with an expression on his broad face that denoted peace with the world and perfect satisfaction with himself. He knew every Irish air that had ever been

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composed, and so he had confidence in his own "ability to do bass to anything the little Dutchman might trot out."

But the rehearsal had not been under way ten minutes when Handel's quick ear noted that the bass was not only out of tune and pitch, but that with character-



MISSER.

istic Irish independence it was singing entirely in its own way without regard to the text.

Handel stood up on tiptoe and in five languages. At length, red in the face, he shouted to Gorman:

"You tam rascal! What for you tell me you sing at de sight?"

"And so I can," said the imperturbable bass.

"Deu you tak dat and sink et voice!" roared Handel. "Oh," replied Gorman, as he picked up the score and looked over the notes upside down, "the devil the wan o' me ivr said I could sing at first sight. Just wait, yer honor, till I get acquainted with the tune!"

Charles Welch is to have a big benefit Sunday night at Herrman's, and notable talent will assist the popular advertising agent on that occasion. Bob Duncan, of the Union Square and Standard, will also be a beneficiary shortly, through the courtesy of J. M. Hill.

Carver Chase, the able and active press agent for Koster & Bial, is doing first-class work for that popular establishment. Carmichael and wrangles voluptuously on that vandyvile stage. Jim How is as entertaining as ever, and so is Sam Deatin. Fred Solomon has put a "Fra Diavolo" travesty on, and Jennie Joyce and Madge Leasing display their curved charms in its elucidation with naive abandon. Agnes Evans, big and blonde, is on the boards, and admirers of decollete divinites will find something to titillate them in Irene Rice, Gertrude Sharpley, Althea Vivian, May Shannon, Dollie Clark, Minnie Hronson or Ray Vernon.

Charles Reed, the comedian, contrives to enjoy life as it passes, and one of his sources of enjoyment is that fund of unctuous humor which he possesses. Not long ago he was in Providence, and while at breakfast in the hotel one morning he was annoyed by the attentions of a colored waiter who sought assiduously to scrape acquaintance with him. This negro, as good natured a creature as ever carried a tray, made himself painfully busy about the table, rearranging the dishes, brushing away crumbs and doing this thing and everything that could possibly serve as an excuse for his presence.

"Excuse me, boss," said he, "but hasn't I seen you afore—seen you in New York, hasn't it?"



ROWS.

"No," answered Reed shortly, "I have never been in New York."

A pause, during which the negro industriously rearranged the dishes on the table, was broken finally by the negro's remarking, "Dat surprises me; I e shuah—yes, sah, I e s'mos willin to avar I seen you 'bout free mont's ago on der corner of Broadway an Twenty-third street."

"No," repeated Reed, "I have never been in New York all my life."

"Excuse me, boss," asked the negro, after another



KICKS.

pause, "but would you 'min tellin me wot you 'p'ofselon is?"

"I have no objection whatever," answered Reed, "I am a sympathetic Therapist."

This knocked the negro speechless for some time,

but he continued to hush himself rearranging the glassware and crockery. Finally he abandoned all further pursuit with a sigh. "Boss," said he, in a tone of hopeless resignation, "boss, yo' done got me that time, shuah!"

I think that "Friends," a four act play by Milton Ruyle, produced at the Standard, will be a success on the road. Some of the dialogue is bright, and the action is quick. There were individual hits. Edmund Lyons made a sensation as an opium, whiskey-soaked sot. John Glendenning was artistic, as usual, as the villain. Theodore Hamilton played a crusty old father to perfection. Royle did remarkably well in a part designed for Henley. But Selena Fetter, the leading lady, didn't come up to expectations as the prima donna. Miss Fetter, unfortunately, has a face that does not suit sympathetic roles. She always seems to be distorting her physiognomy, as though the recipient of a disagreeable odor. Marion Giroux, also



MISSER.

in the cast, looked luridly fetching. Her bust is a swelling roundness of beauty, and her neck and arms—

Taken off my gown of silk and lace,
And she's my suborn hair,
Remove the blouses from my face,
And my teeth so pearly fair.
Go all the better to the brim,
With mixed ale brimming white,
And tell his nobles, the manager,
That I cannot sing to-night.

Just now I looked upon the crowd
That filled the lower floor,
And there in front seats, stern and proud,
I saw my husband's four.

They scanned the programme, one by one,
With devilish delight,
And each one said to himself,
Oh! I cannot sing to-night.

For since I took the Keeley cure
My mind has gone astray,
And what occurs to me I'm sure
Not to recall next day.

Yes, I recall, to my regret,
Now that they are in sight,
Somewhere I married that quartette;
So I cannot sing to-night!

LEW ROSEN.

FREE FIGHT IN A COTTON MILL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The cotton mill of the Annapolis (Ala.) Manufacturing Company were recently the scene of a foolish-and-foolish fight, in which girls were the fighters. One girl is on her deathbed, and at least six others bruised, blackened and scratched, and are under the care of physicians.

Miss Jessie Pierce and Miss Robbles Brown were the leaders of the two factions.

For several days a spirited rivalry has existed between them, supposed to have sprung from their claims on a common bean. The other morning the two women quarrelled, and Miss Pierce sent her fist under Miss Brown's jaw, hurling her to the floor in a swoon. She then jumped upon her adversary. In a moment a dozen women were together on the floor in a mass, pulling hair, scratching faces, hitting each other on the heads with bobbins and screaming and crying frightfully.

It was soon seen that Miss Brown was in a dying condition, and that there were seriously hurt. Several arrests have been made.

WAS IT HER AUNT?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One night recently at Miss Eula Fisel, of Salem, Ohio, was standing on the porch of her home, two men approached and placing a bandkerchief over her mouth carried the girl to where a horse and carriage was standing with a woman holding the lines, who, pointing a revolver at Miss Fisel, compelled her to enter the carriage. She was then driven out to an old coal shaft, where the men ill-treated and abused her. The next morning the girl was found wandering near the shaft. She was taken home and a physician summoned. Miss Fisel says she recognized the woman with the revolver as her aunt. Warrants for the arrest of the abductors have been issued.

A GIRL'S FIGHT FOR LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Annie McManus, daughter of a well-known citizen of Reading, Pa., was in her father's library recently, when she was attacked by a bull dog. The animal fastened its teeth in her face. The young lady forced her hand into the dog's mouth, and seizing his tongue compelled the brute to release his hold. The dog then attacked her again and again. She was about sinking to the floor when members of the family arrived and drove off the dog, which was shot. Miss McManus was bitten in more than a score of places. The maddened animal was owned by the girl's father. She is disfigured for life.

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EXTRA!

BLACK CHAMPION WINS.

Joe Lannon Defeated in Four Rounds by Geo. Godfrey.

A ONE-SIDED FIGHT.

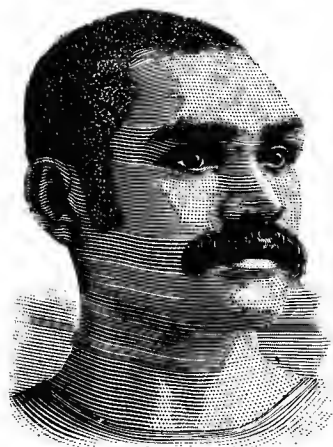
John L. Sullivan's Old Boxing Partner was Outclassed.

A CRY OF FOUL RAISED.

But it Did Not Save Lannon from Defeat.

HOW THE BATTLE WAS WON.

The fistic encounter between Joe Lannon, of Boston, Mass., and George Godfrey, the colored heavyweight champion of New England, for a purse of \$3,000 offered by the Coney Island Athletic Club, was decided before that club on May 16. The fight was witnessed by about 3,000 spectators. The fight was well contested and desperate, lasting four rounds.



GEORGE GODFREY.

fought in 18 minutes when Godfrey was declared the winner.

1 Both of the gladiators came from the Hub. Nevertheless, these sporting men were not in unison on the result, and while many from Boston and the suburbs backed Lannon, Godfrey had the most support and went into the ring a favorite.

It was not their first encounter in the prize ring, for Lannon and Godfrey met in Boston, Mass., on Feb. 4, 1889, for a purse of \$1,000. The battle was limited to fifteen rounds and it ended in a draw. Since that battle Lannon was beaten by Jack Ashton in 18 rounds, lasting 1 hour 11 minutes, and Godfrey defeated Ashton in 14 rounds in 55 minutes, the same year that Ashton defeated Lannon. The latter did not engage in any battles in 1890, while Godfrey's only battle in that year was with Ed. Smith, of Denver, Colo., whom he defeated at Hoboken, N. J., on Nov. 25, 1890, in 23 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 31 minutes. Godfrey's last battle was with Jake Kilrain for a purse of \$5,000, and was fought in the California Club, San Francisco, Cal., on March 13, 1891, and was won by Kilrain after forty-three rounds had been fought in 2 hours and 51 minutes.

It was on Godfrey's battle with Kilrain, and the fact that Lannon had been beaten by Jack Ashton, and the latter conquered by Godfrey, that betting men who study pugilistic form backed Godfrey and made him the favorite.

Both pugilists reached New York on Sunday, having been trained near Boston, and both were quickly "stabled" on Coney Island, where they had the benefit of the sea breeze.

At 8:45 P. M. Fred Burns announced that Godfrey and Lannon would box twenty rounds or more. Shortly afterward Lannon entered the ring and occu-

pled the southeast corner, while Godfrey occupied the northwest corner. Lannon weighed 185 pounds and Godfrey 175. Godfrey's seconds were Howie Hodgkins and Frank Steele, of Boston. Lannon's seconds were Jack Barnett, of Mariou, N. J., and Billy Mahoney, of Boston. The timekeeper for Lannon was Charles Johnston, of Brooklyn, while Tom Kinney was timekeeper for Godfrey. James Godfrey was bottleholder for Godfrey, and Dan Murphy for Lannon. Al Smith was referee, and Robert Stoll was official timekeeper.

At 9:10 Lannon and Godfrey advanced to the centre of the ring and shook hands, Godfrey smiling and Lannon looking serious. Both walked back to their corners. The gong then sounded, and the men came to the scratch and the battle began.

ROUND 1—Godfrey's position was the best when they faced each other and he had a smile on his countenance as if confident of winning. Lannon appeared anxious and watched Godfrey's tactics with considerable anxiety. Godfrey opened the ball by landing his left heavily on Lannon's mouth and the force of the blow drew the claret which Lannon tried to suck up, for it was evident that his lip had been cut. Lannon appeared surprised at the blow and at once rushed at Godfrey and planted his left heavily on the colored champion's neck. Sharp exchanges followed, and both men cleverly countered, Godfrey on the face and Lannon on the body. Lannon then clinched Godfrey and peppered away at the colored boxer's ribs while Godfrey did effective work with both hands on Lannon's face until they broke away. Lannon did not display any judgment, but forced the fighting, and Godfrey, cleverly dodged his blows and landed a straight left hander on Lannon's nose and following it up with a red-hot right-hander on the neck. Like an enraged lion Lannon went at Godfrey, and planted a tremendous punch on Godfrey's stomach. Godfrey appeared a little nonplussed and wiped from the blow, and then he fought Lannon all over the ring until the latter clinched. Godfrey broke away and landed a terrific left-hand blow on Lannon's

hand on Lannon's jaw. Lannon countered on Godfrey's stomach and trying to avoid a return fell to the ground with a thud. He quickly gained his feet and rushed at Godfrey, landing his left on the latter's



JOE LANNON.

mouth. Godfrey out-fought Lannon, upper cutting him and punishing him terribly. It was now odds of two to one for Godfrey for Lannon staggered time and again, hit wild, and he was a regular target for God-



SPORTS DISCUSSING THE FIGHT AND THE HANDICAP

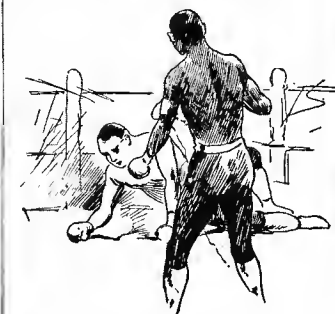
face, napped a straight left-hander in the belly. Godfrey forced the fighting and managed to land a heavy blow with his right on Lannon's jaw just as the gong struck.

Both men quickly went to their corners, Lannon with bellowing, while Godfrey did not appear to show any signs of fatigue.

ROUND 2—On the gong ringing for the men to come to the scratch, both quickly left their chairs, and Billy Mahoney and Jack Barnett advised Lannon to go right in and fight for Godfrey's body, which they supposed was his weak point. Lannon had no sooner reached the scratch than his left shot out with great force and landed on Godfrey's stomach. Godfrey landed two blows in quick succession on Lannon's face, and then the latter's left went with smashing force on Godfrey's right eye. Both men then stood up and exchanged blow for blow, and the fighting was even. "You have got him, Joe," shouted Mahoney, and Lannon cut the pace doing good and effective work on Godfrey's body, until the latter sent his left crashing against Lannon's nose. Lannon boldly faced his opponent and missed a left-hander and then a right-hand swing, but Godfrey, as quick as a flash, landed his left on Lannon's right eye, and missed a swinging blow at the head. Desperate fighting followed, and Lannon had a slight lead when the round ended. Lannon showed the effects of heavy punishment, and Godfrey also appeared to suffer from the terrific body blows he had received. It was, at this stage, anybody's fight, but Godfrey appeared to have the

freedom. Lannon knew he was beaten but he would not give up. He rushed wildly at Godfrey now and again landing a blow while Godfrey watched his every movement to land the auctioneer. Every time Godfrey would come to close quarters Lannon would clinch and continue to drive his left into Godfrey's stomach, but the latter always returned the compliment. This round was decided in favor of Godfrey.

ROUND 3—Godfrey, by the advice of his seconds, now forced the pace. He rushed at Lannon when the



LANNON KNOCKED DOWN.

gong rang, planting his left on his opponent's right jaw, and got in a tremendous right-hander on the neck. Lannon fought wild and few of his blows landed. When they did reach the mark they lacked force. Godfrey kept the top spinning and forced the fighting. Twice he brought his right across, and the last time it cut Lannon staggering. Lannon rushed at Godfrey, and the latter knocked him down by a right-hand cross-counter. Lannon lay on the ground for a second and his seconds squirted water over him. The spray revived him, and he got on to his feet just before the gong was ready to ring him out. He staggered towards Godfrey, who landed his left on his damaged mouth and drove him against the ropes. Lannon slugged like a drunken man and supported himself on the ropes, while Godfrey was heaving hard to settle him. Lannon made a desperate effort but his blows lacked force, and every minute he was growing weaker. Finally he clinched and Godfrey struggled to release himself. Just as he succeeded the gong rang. Neither heard it, for they again exchanged blows and Godfrey again staggered Lannon by a blow on the jaw with his right. Cries of foul were heard from all parts of the hall and Al Smith, the referee, put up his hand to the crowd as much as to say "No foul." Both men went to their corners, Godfrey apparently fresh and Lannon staggering like a gunboat in a storm.

On the gong sounding for the fifth round Godfrey came to the scratch, but Lannon would not leave his corner. Billy Mahoney rushed over to the referee

and claimed a foul because Godfrey bit Lannon after the gong had sounded. Al Smith claimed that Lannon had also struck Godfrey, and that both were fighting when he separated them.

Godfrey still stood at the scratch ready to continue the fight, but Lannon was not able to fight any longer, although his seconds were trying to make the public believe he was. After Al Smith ordered Barnett and Mahoney to send their man to the scratch, which they refused, the referee said: "Well, I declare Godfrey the winner."

The referee's decision was a just one. Lannon was outconditioned and outclassed. Godfrey proved he was a clever two-handed fighter and the best man, pugilistically.

JUDGE MORROW GOT THERE.

The Plucky Horse Wins the Great Brooklyn Handicap and \$25,000.

The Brooklyn Jockey Club's annual spring meeting opened at their track at Gravesend, Coney Island, on May 16. Over 30,000 spectators paid admission to the grounds, the great attraction being the Brooklyn Handicap one of the great American turf events which has a national reputation. The distance is one mile and a quarter, and the stake is valued at \$25,000.

In the winter books M. F. Dwyer's Longstreet was a heavy favorite, and probably one-half of the vast assemblage that went to Gravesend on May 16 backed him to win. Nearly every newspaper in New York tipped Longstreet as the winner except the New York Daily News and the Evening World, which tipped Judge Morrow. Twelve horses came to the post for the race. The following are the starters and the odds laid against them:

Longstreet, even, 1 to 3.
Raceland, 6 to 1, 2 to 1.
Judge Morrow, 7 to 1, 5 to 2.
Pessara, 20 to 1, 8 to 1.
Russell, 4 to 1, 7 to 5.
Clarendon, 30 to 1, 10 to 1.
Banquet, 20 to 1, 6 to 1.
Portchester, 20 to 1, 8 to 1.
George W., 100 to 1, 40 to 1.
Kingmaker, 50 to 1, 20 to 1.
Fairview, 12 to 1, 5 to 1.
Madstone, 20 to 1, 8 to 1.

James Rowe was the starter and it was his first essay in starting the great race. There were four long breakaways, and the crowd had resumed itself to another tedious delay when suddenly thousands of throats rang out in unison. "They're off." They were indeed racing. The flag had been dropped, with the favorite Longstreet in front.

They appeared to be well bunched. After Longstreet came Fairview, Pessara, Raceland, Clarendon, Banquet, Judge Morrow, Russell, Portchester, Madstone, Kingmaker and George W., running in the order named. Fairview a rider had orders to jump out in the lead and try to prevent the others from catching him. He was to make a runaway race of it.

That is, if he had more speed than his competitors. At the end of the first quarter, or passing the grand stand for the first time, Fairview had secured the lead of five lengths. His backers were jubilant.

At the end of five furlongs Russell had chopped four lengths from Fairview's lead, and spectators knew that Fairview was fast losing his appeal.

Pessara then passed Raceland and Longstreet, and Judge Morrow began to move up. At the end of the backstretch Fairview had fallen back in the rack and Russell was leading by half a length. Judge Morrow was second, lapped by Pessara, Raceland and Fairview. McLoughlin had felt Longstreet going from under him, and very sensibly refrained from trying to get ahead where there was none.

At the head of the homestretch Russell came out and led by a length, and his backers shouted gleefully that it was his race. Major Covington had shaken off Pessara and Raceland, while Longstreet was gradually falling back to the stragglers.

At the last furlong post Russell still had his hooded head in front of Judge Morrow, but Covington's horse was running well within himself, while Russell was laboring hard and receiving punishment.

In the final sixteenth Russell gave it up, and it looked like an easy victory for Judge Morrow. He was not fated to win without a struggle, and the spectators' hearts stopped beating as Taral shot Pessara up to the Judge almost at a bound.

Pessara's burst of speed after having traversed the long journey was really phenomenal.

Little Covington did not become excited, however, and he showed that his nerve was good by sitting down and riding like a veteran. The crowd was spell-bound with excitement.

The finishing post was only a few yards away. Pessara was coming fast.

Pessara's backers were hopeful, and the Judge's supporters mentally prayed that their horse would retain his advantage to the end.

Taral had Pessara at Judge Morrow's shoulders. Covington then drew his whip and down it came on Morrow.

In a moment they passed the finish. Judge Morrow won by a head from Pessara.

Russell was third, three lengths behind Pessara. Longstreet came in last. The fractional time was as follows. First quarter, 23 seconds; half, 47¾; three-quarters, 1:14; mile, 1:42¾; and mile and a quarter in 2:08¾.

The following is a summary of the race:

The Brooklyn Jockey Club Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward; \$250 each, half forfeit, or \$50 if declared; the club to retain an amount necessary to make the value of the stake \$25,000, of which the second horse shall receive \$5,000 and the third horse \$2,000; weights to be announced Feb. 1 and declarations to be made Feb. 20; one mile and a quarter.

Starters.	Jockeys.	St. Wt.	Fin.
Judge Morrow, 115.....	A. Covington.....	7 4 1	
Pessara, 115.....	Taral.....	8 2 2	
Russell, 114.....	Littlefield.....	8 2 3	
Raceland, 110.....	Fleming.....	4 4 4	
Clarendon, 114.....	Murphy.....	5 7 5	
Banquet, 110.....	Lamley.....	6 8 8	
George W., 100.....	Midgley.....	12 12 7	
Kingmaker, 97.....	Narville.....	11 11 8	
Fairview, 100.....	Duggett.....	3 1 2	
Madstone, 108.....	Bergan.....	10 10 10	
Portchester, 115.....	Slings.....	4 9 11	
Longstreet, 128.....	McLoughlin.....	1 12 13	
Time, 3:08¾.			

Another surprise beside Judge Morrow winning the Handicap was the victory of Coxswain with odds of 100 to 1 against.

The five great sporting hand books, "Cocker's Guide," "Dug Pitt," "Barnard's Guide," "Cock Player," and "Police Gazette Standard Sporting Rules," mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents for each book. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



BETTING ON HIS CHAMPION.

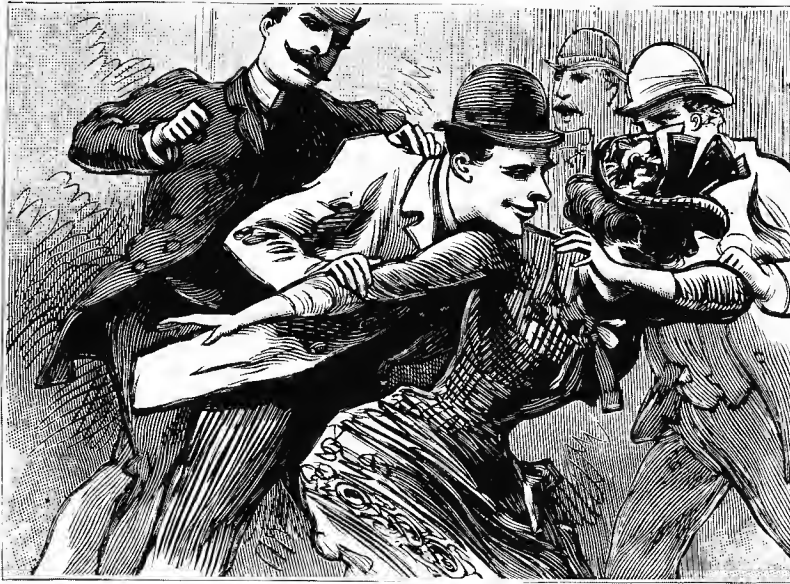
chance of winning, for Lannon was slow as a coach, while his opponent was on the alert to take advantage of every opening.

ROUND 3—Godfrey was first to the scratch when the gong sounded, and he cut loose by landing his left



FRANKIE HAINES,

ONE OF THE BRIGHT, PIQUANT AND BUXOM BEAUTIES OF LESTER AND WILLIAMS' GALAXY OF TALENT.



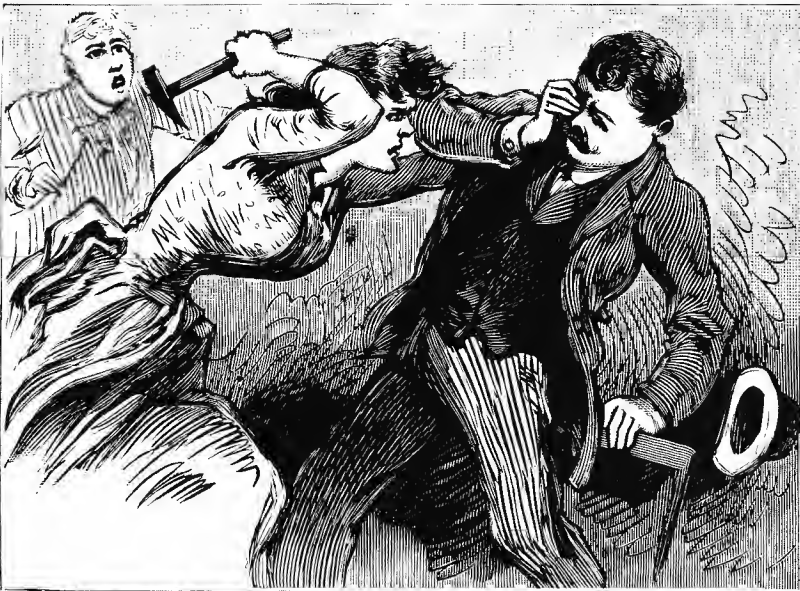
RUSH BUCK KNOCKED OUT

BY AN INDIGNANT NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., MAN, WHOSE WIFE HE HAD INSULTED IN PUBLIC BY ATTEMPTING TO HUG AND KISS HER.



CHARLES H. PINKHAM, JR.

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF HARLEM, N. Y., WHOSE TRANSACTIONS WITH THE BANK ARE NOW BEING INVESTIGATED.



MRS. MARTIN SCANLON'S DEED.

A SCRANTON, PA., WOMAN SETTLES A DOMESTIC TROUBLE BETWEEN HERSELF AND HUSBAND BY BEATING OUT HIS BRAINS WITH A HAMMER.



RICHARD COCKRUM,

AN ALL-ROUND COWBOY AND PLAINSMAN, CONNECTED WITH THE "J. B." RANCH NEAR TALOGA, KANSAS.



A BOLD ROBBERY IN SALT LAKE CITY.

MRS. ENZENBERGER AND A FRIEND RELIEVED OF THEIR DIAMONDS BY THREE MASKED THIEVES.

BECAUSE SHE WAS LONELY.

Why Mrs. Atkins Sought the Society of Men.

HER HUSBAND OBJECTED.

And Now Tells the Story of Her Alleged Faithlessness.

ENGLEWOOD PEOPLE SHOCKED.

James J. Atkins, a traveling salesman for the New York paper firm of Harden, Pike & Co., and who resided with his wife and daughter in Englewood, near Chicago, Ill., has been having a heap of trouble. He declares his wife has been unfaithful, and she has had him arrested on charge of abducting their child. Mrs. Atkins is a handsome woman, dresses stylishly and wears diamonds.

Mr. Atkins, in explaining his present difficulty, said: "I took my daughter away from my wife three weeks ago because things were going wrong at home. We were married thirteen years ago, and all went well until the spring of 1890. I am on the road most of the time, but all my spare time was spent home. Two

kins was there, dressed in the height of fashion, with diamonds sparkling in her ears and a brilliant on her finger.

An adjournment was asked for, but Atkins's counsel objected. He intimated that some highly sensational testimony would be introduced, showing conclusively



THE HUSBAND THREW A BRICK.

that Mrs. Atkins had violated her marriage vows and was not a fit person to have charge of the child. The case, however, was adjourned.

The affair has created a big sensation in Englewood, and the people are talking of nothing else. The court room will be packed when the trial comes off.

THE MURDER OF MARY WERTHEIMER'S BABY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mary Wertheimer, a seventeen-year-old girl, unmarried and living in Brooklyn, N. Y., had a baby three months old which was a burden to its mother. Mary, young Adam Haas and Peter Schultz, both of whom she had been intimate with, decided that the child must be got rid of, and the night of May 2 the two men took it from its mother's breast and started for Newtown creek. On the way the infant cried, and Schultz, who was carrying it, attempted to choke the child, while Haas tied his handkerchief around its neck. Arriving at the creek, the two men tied a stone to the child's throat and held it under the water until they thought it dead, but as they were about to bury the infant the little thing showed signs of life. This, however, did not prevent the men from carrying out their hellish work, for they dug a hole in the mud and hurried the child while yet alive. After several days' search the police found the body where it was buried by the two brutes. They, with the girl, Mary Wertheimer, were arrested. While in jail the two murderers, in their anxiety to fasten the crime upon each other, came to blows, and would perhaps have done serious injury had they not been separated. Haas places the responsibility of the child's death on Schultz. Detective Lyons went to the jail where the inhuman mother was confined, and in a patrol wagon took her to the Stags street police station for the purpose of identifying the body of her child.

At a signal the doors of the stable adjoining the station-house were thrown open. The wagon dashed through the crowd and up Bushwick avenue like mad. The crowd ran after the vehicle, while stones flew thick and fast. The detective and the young woman crouched in the bottom of the wagon, and escaped being struck by the missiles. After all danger had passed, she giggled gleefully at the uproar she had created.

Dr. Joseph Creamer, who made the autopsy, said that the child's death was due to asphyxiation. It had been strangled and its skull was fractured.

The verdict of the jury was that Haas and Schultz had killed the child and that Mary Wertheimer was an accessory to the crime.

District Attorney Ridgway will have the trio indicted by the Grand Jury.

SHOT HER THROUGH THE HEAD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles Jones, aged twenty-four, Anna Devan, aged fifteen, and Julia McFarland, seventeen, all of Eden, Ill., went to Sparta the other day to shop. On their way back to Eden Jones produced a 38-calibre revolver and said to Miss Devan:

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes, right now," she replied, "if you give me the revolver."

"You lie," rejoined Jones; "you promised me this before and afterward went back on me, and now I intend to kill you."

He then fired two shots at her, one taking effect in the head and the other in the back, killing her instantly. Julia McFarland jumped from the cart and Jones followed. He warned her to keep quiet or he would kill her, too. She fell on her knees and begged for mercy, and he told her to go. Then he walked a short distance from where he had shot Miss Devan in the cart, shot himself in the head, and fell dead.

MET DEATH IN THE FLAMES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles Tanelu recently committed suicide in San Francisco, Cal., in a most horrible manner. He got drunk and threw himself in front of a fire engine, but was rescued. He then went aboard the fireboat, Governor Irwin, and killed himself by plunging headfirst into the boiler furnace. His body was discovered by the fireman.

A BEAUTIFUL WATER QUEEN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Annie Luker, whose portrait we present this week, is one of the famous lady swimmers of Professor Beckwith's swimming troupe now performing in London, Eng. Miss Luker is quite a favorite, and not only a swift swimmer but can perform numerous feats under the water.

FRANKIE HAINES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We take pleasure in reproducing on our dramatic page the fine figure and piquant face of Frankie Haines, of Lester and Williams' "Me and Jack" company.

The five great sporting hand books. "Cock's Guide," "Dog Pit," "Bardener's Guide," "Card Player," and "Police Gazette." Bound in leather. Sent by express for \$4.00. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

BRENNAN'S FATAL LOVE.

The Sad Romance of a Handsome Sergeant of Marines.

FOUND DEAD IN A BAGNIO.

Brennan Shot Himself When He Found His Love Was Vile.

HE HAD BELIEVED HER PURE.

Fate was cruel to handsome Sergt. John J. Brennan, a marine stationed at the Levee Island Navy Yard. He loved blindly and gave up his life when he learned that the object of his affections was unworthy.

A bullet in the brain ended it all, and John died in Bellevue Hospital, this city, on May 8. He was found mortally wounded in a room in a disorderly house at No. 33 Bayard street, the night before. He died without telling the story of love and tragedy. The disorderly house was raided by Capt. Cross, and Charles Hamilton, the proprietor, was locked up.

John Brennan, the victim, lived with his widowed mother, a younger brother and a still younger sister, at 214 Elizabeth street, until four years ago. He was a painter by trade and a hard-working, industrious fellow. One day, when work was slack, he got a notion that a soldier's life was more exciting than the humdrum lot of a painter, and enlisted in the Marine Corps, being stationed first at Mare Island and then at League Island. It was not long before he was promoted, first to the position of corporal and then to that of sergeant.

In his company at League Island was Charles Taylor, with whom he became very friendly. Taylor's home was in this city, and he had a sister here, a beautiful young girl scarcely out of her teens, who



HE INQUIRED FOR LENA.

corresponded regularly with her brother. She sent him photographs of herself, and Taylor praised her virtues to his bosom friend, the sergeant. Then the sergeant occasionally sent his love to the girl in her brother's letters, and the next mail would bring him a kind word in return.

He began to like the girl through the letters he had read, and this feeling soon ripened into love.

Two weeks ago the sergeant received a letter from his brother announcing the death of their sister Lizzie, and asking him for money to help defray the funeral expenses. Upon receiving this the sergeant concluded to ask for leave of absence. It would give him the opportunity to see the beautiful Lena, whom he had learned to love so far away.

On Saturday he arrived and went straight to his old home. He said nothing of his love for the girl, but when night came he started to find her. He knew she

The girl's scanty costume may have struck him as strange, but he was blinded by love and did not pause to consider. It was the first time he had met his charmer, and he was completely fascinated by her pretty face and lively manner. She invited the sergeant to go up stairs, and he, still unaccustomed, went.

Just what occurred in the room upstairs is unknown to any one but the girl, and she won't tell. It is believed, however, that when the sergeant followed Lena to her room he realized for the first time the character of the place and the shameful life there he loved was leading.

The shock, it is thought, crazed him, and he sent a bullet in his brain. The girl then ran screaming to



SHE RUSHED SCREAMING FROM THE ROOM.

Hamilton, the proprietor, and said her friend had shot himself.

Brennan died without making a statement. His romance was brief. It ended with the discovery of the violence of his love, and the tragedy followed.

RUSH BUCK KNOCKED OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Rush Buck, head clerk of the Hotel Powers at Rochester, N. Y., while walking along the main street of Niagara Falls, the other night, with two companions—Frank Hughes and Albin Mattie—all in a hilarious mood, suddenly seized a well-known society woman who was passing and tried to kiss and buy her. The woman's husband promptly knocked Buck down. Buck's friends interfered and the two were arrested and locked up over night. Buck was fined \$50 and his companions \$10 apiece.

A BOLD ROBBERY IN SALT LAKE CITY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The other night while Mrs. Euzenberger and a friend, the wife of a wealthy wool grower, were sitting in their room, in Salt Lake City, Utah, after returning from a dance, three masked men entered the apartment, and, with revolvers in hand, demanded their valuables. Mrs. Euzenberger gave up ten stones and her friend five, all worth \$6,000. The purses, containing about \$175, were also taken. There is no trace of the thieves or plunder.

ASSAULTED HIM WITH A RAZOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A young woman named McCormick, closely veiled, went into the Commercial House at Keeseville, N. Y., the other evening, and called for the clerk, John McGuire, to come to the parlor. After a few words with him she exhibited a razor, and in the scuffle which ensued she cut his throat, inflicting a deep wound about three and a half inches long. The woman is under arrest. She said she intended to kill McGuire, but would give no reason for the assault.

CAUGHT IN THE SHAFING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Sabina Goudette was caught by the hair in a shafting in the North Grovesboro Cotton Mill, near Putnam, Conn., the other afternoon, and whirled around three times before the machinery could be stopped.

Her scalp, with one ear and part of the other, was torn off, one arm broken in two places and a shoulder dislocated. She is still alive, but is not expected to recover. She was to have been married next week.

DRIVEN BACK INTO THEIR HOLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An attempt at jail breaking recently occurred in Billings, Mont. The prisoners confined in the county jail ripped up the floor and dug a trench under the wall, and would have escaped but for Mrs. Ed Golding, who was visiting Mrs. Sheriff Ramsey, seizing a gun and threatening to shoot the first man that showed his head above the ground. The jail birds are still in their cages.

LOST IN A BURNING BARN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Gussie Vanderbeck, daughter of a wealthy farmer of Livingston, N. J., was recently burned to death while attempting to rescue a pet pony from her father's burning barn. The family were awakened by the fire and went to save the imprisoned animals. Miss Vanderbeck's charred body was found in the ruins by the side of the remains of her favorite colt.

KILLED BY HER LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Dedenkopp recently murdered Lizzie Dempsey, a woman with whom he was living, by shooting. Dedenkopp returned to his home on the banks of the Scioto River, near Columbus, Ohio, and found the woman and John Kerr sitting on the bed. The jealous lover drew a revolver and fired a ball through his mistress's brain, killing her instantly. The murderer was arrested.

EX-PRESIDENT CHARLES H. PINKHAM, JR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we reproduce a portrait of Charles H. Pinkham, Jr., ex-President of the Bank of Harlem, this city, who is now under arrest awaiting an investigation of the bank's books. Pinkham is charged with being \$73,000 short in his accounts.

The Pearl Typewriter is simple, cheap, durable and practical. With character. No knowledge of typewriting necessary. Weighs 5 pounds. Sent by express for \$4.00. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



SHE CAME HOME WITH A JAG.

years ago I came home rather suddenly and found our house locked up and no one home. I waited, and about 1 o'clock in the morning my wife came in intoxicated, accompanied by a man. I demanded an explanation, and upon getting no satisfaction I threw a brick at the man. He immediately drew a gun on me and threatened to shoot, but my wife persuaded him not to do so. We arranged matters and I forgave my wife.

"Later, when at Indianapolis, I received a telegram from her stating that she had been shot and expected to die. I wired the Chicago authorities to arrest a man named Lane, who I thought had done the deed, but when I arrived home I found that she had never been shot. On my last trip I received letters from several of the neighbors stating that it would be well for me to come home and see the way my wife was acting; that I would better remove my daughter. I investigated and found out the story was true and when I reached here I found my wife with this man Lane. I took the child and have placed her in good hands, and while attempting to get her clothes she had me arrested. I have applied for a divorce on the grounds of adultery."

Mrs. Atkins smiled and showed a row of glistening white teeth when told of her husband's charges.

"Let him prove them," she replied. "He is only jealous without any grounds. I was lonesome while my husband was away, and Mr. Lane, who is quite a



SAYS HE FOUND THEM TOGETHER.

musician and I supposed a friend of my husband, has entertained me. My husband has never objected before, and in fact he told Mr. Lane to show me around and he would pay the expense."

The case was called for trial in court the other day. Atkins appeared with a smile on his face. Mrs. At-

HER YOUNG LIFE RUINED.

Romance of Christie Jackson,
of Sharon Springs, N. Y.

ELOPED WITH A RASCAL.

A 15-Year-Old Induced to Steal
and Run Away.

BOTH CAUGHT IN CHICAGO.

A pretty fifteen-year-old girl lay sobbing bitterly in a room in the Bay View Hotel, Chicago, on May 10, almost insensible at the realization of the crime to which she had been an accessory as well as a victim. She was Christie Jackson, of Sharon Springs, N. Y. In an adjoining room, under arrest, was Louis Marcotte, aged twenty-one years, of Brooklyn, with whom the girl had eloped.

It was a sad romance. The girl's life had been ruined, and the young man will probably go to the penitentiary for a long time.

Both had been arrested after a chase of two weeks by Deputy Sheriff S. E. Black, of Buchanan, who held them awaiting instructions from the girl's parents. The young people were found living together at



THEY MET IN SECRET.

the Central Hotel on Clark street, the funds, amounting to \$5,000, it is believed, which the girl had taken from her mother under the influence of her lover, having been exhausted.

Two weeks ago the Hon. E. A. Jackson of Sharon Springs, N. Y., accompanied his wife to the wedding of a friend and then took the same train with the bride party to Albany, where, as a delegate, he was to attend the Republican State Convention.

On Mrs. Jackson's return to her home everything indicated the flight of her daughter. The day of the wedding and of the father's departure for Albany had been selected in advance by the men who were bent on the daughter's abduction and ruin.

These men were Louis Marcotte, who had been visiting his grandfather in the town, and George Hoffman, the son of a carpenter in Sharon Springs. Marcotte seemed to have something of a hypnotic fascination for her, and, after secretly associating with him for some time, she agreed to take from her parents enough to carry out his plans, the horrible nature of which it is not believed she fully realized.

A girl companion, Feresse Smith, daughter of the leading clergyman of the town, had been persuaded to run away with Hoffman at the same time, it is believed. She did not do so, however. Hoffman nevertheless decided to accompany the others, the large



LIVED IN THE HOTEL TOGETHER.

amount taken by Miss Jackson making him unwilling to lose his share.

They took the train to Syracuse, and later arrived at Detroit. Here a dispute as to which of the two men had the better right to the young girl led Hoffman to take the most of what remained of the stolen money and return to New York, where he was arrested.

The distracted father caused the whole State to be searched for his daughter, but his influence kept the disgrace to his family from the general public.

In less than two weeks he spent a large sum on the search, the fruitless character of which almost killed both parents of the unfortunate girl.

The arrest of Hoffman, however, led to the fact that the other two were headed toward Chicago, where they expected to stay at the Palmer House under the name of Carpenter.

Sheriff Black, a personal friend of Mr. Jackson, was at once authorized to go to Chicago. He found the pair on May 9, and on the following day a dispatch



THE YOUNG GIRL'S GRIEF.

ordered him to return, and in the afternoon he took his prisoners eastward.

The child-like-looking, 15-year-old girl is in so pitifully a broken down condition after her experience of but two weeks with her young abductor as to be almost unrecognizable.

The father has expressed a determination to secure the extreme penalty of the law upon the ruiners of his happiness, but it is feared by many that the fury of Christie's brother, who has also been engaged in the pursuit, will not await the slow process of the law, and that another crime may blot out those of his sister and her companions.

SPORTING EDITOR C. W. RYDER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

C. W. Ryder, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this paper, is the sporting editor of the Chicago Mail, one of the brightest and best sporting papers of the West. Mr. Ryder was born in Massachusetts and served an apprenticeship for eight years on the Boston Herald. Later he went to Minneapolis where for several years he was sporting editor of the Minneapolis Tribune. Under his supervision the sporting column of the Tribune obtained such influence that the paper soon became the leading sporting authority of the northwest. A better opening being offered by the Chicago Mail, Mr. Ryder accepted the same, and, judging from the advancement made in the sporting, as well as other departments, it is fair to say that the same success seems to have followed the gentleman to the metropolis of the west.

A JILTED WOMAN'S REVENGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Jose Pedro, a Mexican, was to have married Isabella Mariano in Los Angeles, N. M., but after running the girl cast, her uncle and married Angelica Montan. The other day, while the inhabitants of the Pedro hacienda were taking their afternoon siesta, Isabella entered without warning, and cutting out the tongues of both the sleeping victims fled, only to be captured by the city marshal after a hard fight and a desperate struggle, in which the maddened woman inflicted cuts, one of them serious, on the arresting officer. Both Pedro and his wife are alive. Neither will be able to articulate another word.

KILLED BY HER HUSBAND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Jacob Miller is a wealthy farmer at Allepo, Greene County, Pa. His wife, though forty-five years old and a grandmother, is very comely, and has been the leading spirit in social festivities. She appeared to be especially fond of James Bosworth, a young fellow only a year older than her daughter.

The other night a party was given at the house of a neighbor, and during the evening Miller saw young Bosworth kiss his wife in the dimly lighted kitchen. Rushing into the house he fatally stabbed the boy several times. Miller escaped.

W. H. QUINN, CHAMPION WRESTLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

W. H. Quinn, whose portrait appears in this issue, is the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of the Pacific Coast. He now resides in Boston, Mass., and has issued a challenge to wrestle any man in America collar-and-elbow style, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Quinn is a powerful athlete and an expert in tripping.

A "POLICE GAZETTE" PRIZE WINNER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere a portrait appears of a pure bred Jay pit game cock which recently won the "Police Gazette" Special in Variety No. 16 at the National Game Show, held in Indianapolis, Ind. The bird is the property of Michael M. Levy of Henderson, Ky.

WRESTLER EDWARD REILLY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Edward Reilly, the well-known wrestler, whose portrait appears in this issue, resides in Pittsburgh, Pa. He has won numerous matches, and is ready to wrestle any middle-weight in America.

BARTENDER WILLIAM L. HODKINS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found a portrait of William L. Hodkins, a popular sporting man and bartender of Hot Springs, N. C.

"Pauline's Caprice."—Fox's Sensational Series No. 4, one of the spiciest and most sensational novels ever published. Unique illustrations. The story is by Pauline. Bound in a handsome slipcase on receipt of 50 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

A PRETTY LITTLE ATHLETE.

A Girlish Marvel, Who is Creating a Sensation.

SHE'S WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Eva Bertoldi and Her Wonderful Balancing Acts.

MUSCLES HIGHLY DEVELOPED.

During the past three decades there have been many women who have gained great fame and renown by their exploits as gymnasts. In the sixties Leola Daro, a lady of splendid physical development, created quite a sensation by her wonderful feats in the gymnastic line. Miss Leola was another female whose love for athletics gained her considerable notoriety and plenty of wealth. One of her feats was swinging from the gallery of a theatre grasping two ropes blunderfold to a trapeze suspended over the stage, letting go the ropes and grasping the trapeze. It was called the Giant Swing, and Leola claimed she was the first female to accomplish the feat. At Fredericktown, New Brunswick, she fell sixty feet in attempting the feat and dislocated her shoulder. Leola now manages the Earl family, who are playing in the West.

One of the present sensations in the female line of



EVA BERTOLDI.

athletics is Miss Eva Bertoldi, a young lady who has barely turned fifteen. She is a native of Sheffield, Eng. Bertoldi is playing with the Howard Athenaeum Specialty Company, and her wonderful performances are creating quite a sensation.

No less authority than the celebrated Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, requested the privilege of examining Bertoldi. He found her perfectly proportioned, with muscles developed to a proper degree, and with the best chest and lungs he had ever seen. As an example of her wonderful hand balancing, she is said to go up and down ladders on her hands, her body thrown up into the air. She travels accompanied by her father and mother, who, through their patience and skill in training and training their children, are enabled to take life comfortable and with little or no labor. Bertoldi's special feats consist of hand balancing, which necessitates several contortions of the body, and show off Bertoldi's fine physical development. Bertoldi walks on her hands, forms a bow with her head down and reversed.

Bertoldi's father was a gymnast and trainer of animals ever since his early life, and has been under engagement to such noted circus proprietors as Saenger, Nyers and Hengler all the time. His wife performed



VERY HARD.

with the animals trained by her husband. A sister, two years older than Bertoldi, named Miss Venance, who is now fulfilling an engagement at the Folio Berge, Paris, was first trained by the father, who is known in the circus profession as Prof. Claxton. As soon as Bertoldi reached the age of six she was put in

training with her sister, the father and the two children working together in a triple gymnastic act for a period of six years, at which time the elder daughter began for herself. The younger sister, Bertoldi, early evinced a greater command of her muscles and body, particularly in balancing acts, than the elder sister, and the father, upon discovering this fact, designed a number of new balancing acts, which the young girl alone, of all the artists in the gymnastic world, is able to perform. In the matter of hand balancing she is without a rival, and she is the only performer in the world who accomplishes a feat which cannot be described, but which is known as jaw balancing, the young lady sustaining herself in an inverted position simply by grasping an object made especially for this act by her teeth, and while in this position she spins with the rapidity and ease of a top. This act has made Bertoldi famous, not only as a gymnast but because of



BALANCING ON HER HANDS.

the fact that it has brought her to the notice of some of the most eminent physiologists in the world.

Bertoldi's blue grey eyes and brown hair are of the every-day sort, but in her strong white teeth she has a power which is worth more money to her than was the Biblical Samson's hair.

With those teeth she can cling to a spiral ring of iron placed across the backs of two chairs and with her body elevated in the air, her arms folded and limbs resting on her head, revolved around in a dizzy fashion as a top.

"What do I do to make myself limber?" laughed the little equilibrist. "I don't do anything—but just practice. People have queer ideas about a contortionist. I have been asked if I take my bones out when I perform and put them in again after the act. Then most all people think I am oiled every day, which is a very great mistake. I never use anything. It is all in practice. My bones, you see, with a quiet little laugh, 'are not set. The joints are loose and my backbone will bend any way I wish. If I should stop performing for one week I could not act without learning it all over again."

"Does it tire me? Not a bit. I am only on fifteen or twenty minutes in each play, and it is not difficult, if you know how."

This girlish marvel is kept busy learning new positions. Her repertoire is varied. She can walk and poise on her hands, instead of her feet; ascend a ladder by means of those same digits with the agility of a



ONLY BERTOLDI CAN DO THIS.

squirrel; perch herself up on a table with her feet thrown carelessly from the back over her shoulders; do the crutches act, the chair balance, diagonal balance and trip around like a letter S, besides a hundred and one other things.

MRS. MARTIN SCANLON'S DEED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Martin Scanlon, of Scranton, Pa., recently ended a quarrelsome existence with her husband by beating his brains out with a hammer. He was so intoxicated that he could offer no resistance.

Mrs. Scanlon also attempted to take the life of her son Frank because he interfered in behalf of his father. She pursued him with an axe, and the prompt arrival of a policeman prevented a double murder.

Mrs. Scanlon denies having struck the fatal blow, and says that her husband died of heart disease. Her mind is believed to be affected.

THE HOOSIER CYCLONE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The Hoosier Cyclone, whose portrait appears in the POLICE GAZETTE, is owned by T. Ed. Groszale. It is a Cuban Dominick cross and weighs 7 pounds. It won the "Police Gazette" special prize for pit games at the National Game Show at Indianapolis, Ind.

COWBOY RICHARD COCKRUM.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Richard Cockrum, whose portrait appears elsewhere, is an all round cowboy and plausian in the employ of the "J. B." ranch, near Taloca, Kans. Young Cockrum is an expert with the lasso and a crack shot.

"Police Gazette" Running Shoes. The Best in the Market. No. 1. English Spiked. \$5. No. 2. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 3. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 4. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 5. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 6. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 7. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 8. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 9. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 10. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 11. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 12. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 13. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 14. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 15. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 16. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 17. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 18. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 19. First American City. English Spiked. \$4. No. 20. 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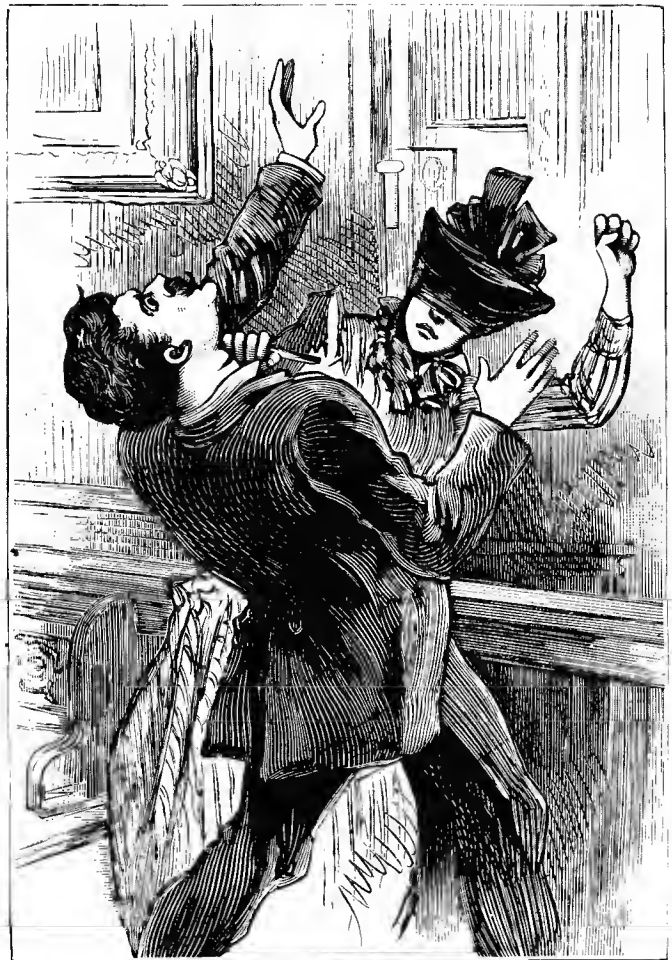
THE MURDER OF MARY WERTHEIMER'S BABY.

AN INDIGNANT BROOKLYN, N. Y., MOB ATTEMPTS TO WREAK VENGEANCE UPON AN INHUMAN MOTHER.



CAUGHT IN THE SHAFING.

MISS SABINA GOUDETTE WHIRLED AROUND AND HORRIBLY MANGLED IN THE NORTH GROSVENOR COTTON MILLS, NEAR PUTNAM, CONN.



ASSAULTED HIM WITH A RAZOR.

HOTEL CLERK JOHN M'GUIRE, OF KEESVILLE, N. Y., BARELY ESCAPES A VIOLENT DEATH AT THE HANDS OF AN ANGRY WOMAN.



A GIRL'S FIGHT FOR LIFE.

MISS ANNIE M'MANUS' DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH HER FATHER'S MADDENED BULLDOG IN HER HOME IN READING, PA.



SHOT HER THROUGH THE HEAD.

THE CRUEL AND UNCALLED FOR MURDER OF MISS ANNA DEYAN BY HER LOVER, CHARLES JONES, NEAR EDEN, ILLINOIS.



WAS IT HER AUNT?

MISS ETTA FISHEL ABDUCTED FROM HER HOME AT NIGHT IN SALEM, O., BY TWO MEN AND A WOMAN.



LOST IN A BURNING BARN.

MISS GUSSIE VANDERBECK, DAUGHTER OF A LAMINGTON, N. J., FARMER, IS CREMATED WHILE ENDEAVORING TO SAVE HER FAVORITE PONY.



KILLED BY HER HUSBAND.

JAMES BOSWORTH FATALLY STABBED IN ALLEPO, PA., BY FARMER JACOB MILLER WHOSE WIFE HE HAD KISSED.



WILLIAM L. HODGKINS,

A SPORTING MAN AND BARTENDER, WELL KNOWN IN HOT SPRINGS, N. C.



MET DEATH IN THE FLAMES.

THE HORRIBLE SUICIDE OF CHARLES TANELIN, A SAN FRANCISCO MAN, WHO JUMPS INTO THE FURNACE OF A STEAMBOAT.



C. W. RYDER,

THE BRIGHT AND WELL POSTED SPORTING EDITOR OF THE CHICAGO "MAIL."



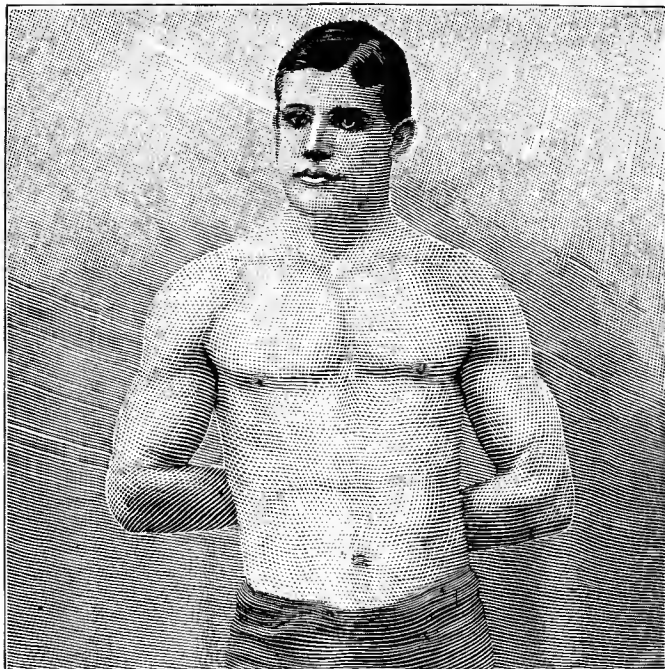
KILLED BY HER LOVER.

JEALOUS JOHN BEDENKOPF DISCOVERS LIZZIE DEMPSEY, HIS MISTRESS, ENTERTAINING ANOTHER AND SHOOTS HER DEAD, NEAR COLUMBUS, O.



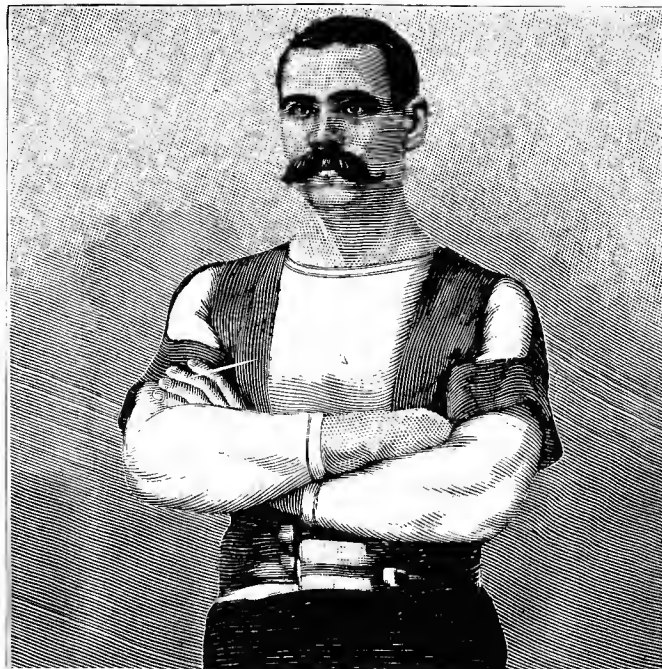
DRIVEN BACK INTO THEIR HOLE.

MRS. ED. GOLDING STANDS GUARD OVER A GANG OF PRISONERS AND PREVENTS THEIR ESCAPE, IN BILLINGS, MONT.



EDWARD REILLY,

A PITTSBURG, PA., ATHLETE, WHO IS ANXIOUS TO TRY A BOUT WITH ANY OF THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT WRESTLERS OF AMERICA.



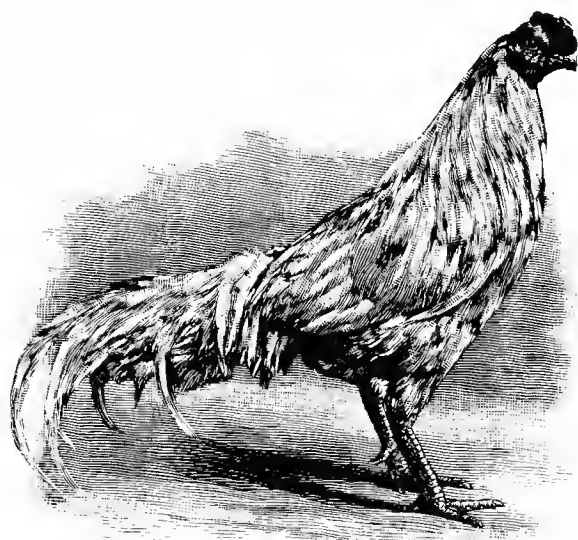
W. H. QUINN,

CHAMPION COLLAR-AND-ELBOW WRESTLER OF THE PACIFIC COAST, READY TO ARRANGE A MATCH WITH ANY MAN IN THE COUNTRY.



A BEAUTIFUL WATER QUEEN.

MISS ANNIE LUKER, ONE OF THE GRACEFUL FAIRIES NOW PERFORMING WITH PROF. DECKWITH'S SWIMMING TROUPE IN LONDON, ENG.



THE HOOSIER CYCLONE.

A FAMOUS GAME COCK WHICH RECENTLY WON THE "POLICE GAZETTE" SPECIAL PRIZE IN INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



A "POLICE GAZETTE" PRIZE WINNER.

A PURE BRED JAP GAME COCK OWNED BY MICHAEL M. LEVY, A POPULAR SPORTING MAN OF HENDERSON, KY.

X. A. THILLES, Bookmaker, of Chicago.

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Something industrious, beautiful, great, etc., to sell. Particulars, etc., for 3 stamps. Stamp return if not satisfactory. C. C. Bureau, Box 115, Venice, Ill.

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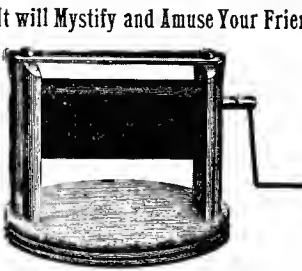
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Mix. Make 90 pills. Take one pill at 3 p.m., and another one at bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from the prevalence. The recuperative powers of this restoration are truly marvellous, and the use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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